A MISSING PASSENGER.

Under the great roof of Charing Cross station the train of the night service at Paris was all ready for starting. The night was chilly and damp, and the season early in the spring. Passengers were few, and the train was a long array of almost empty carriages. In the compartment I occupied there was only one other passenger, & brisk and dapper little man, whose baggage consisted only of one black bag, with his name and address printed in big letters thereon: "Oliver Hook, Boulogne-sur-Mer." It was easy enough to identify him as a well-known "bookie" or betting man, who, for reasons connected with certain acts of Parliament, had his headquarters at Boulogne. Just as the train was on the point of starting the door of the carriage was hastily opened, a dark Italian face peered in, and threw a searching glance about the compartment.

"Haven't seen her to-night, Tomaso," said my companion, gravely, but affably. The Italian raised his bands with a hopeless kind of gesture, and disappeared. The train moved on, first through the brilliant lights of Whitehall and Westminster, and then among dark roois and dim, meagre streets. Cannon street! There was the Italian again scrutinizing the half dozen passengers who joined the train. At London Bridge it was the same.
"Curious chap, that," said my compan-

ion. "He's looking for his sweetheart, and it's a thousand to one chance if he finds her. Here, Tommy," he said, addressing the Italian, "jump in here and say how you're get-ting along. Hi, boy, last special Globe!" The Italian and the evening paper were shot into the carriage at the same moment as the train began to move. But when we were in full motion, some one else, at the peril of his life and amid warning cries from porters and guards, opened the carriage door and bolted in, sinking exhausted upon the seat. Mr. Hook instinctively drew his evidently well-filled black bag closer towards him, for the newcomer had a lawless, desperate look about his face, and was evidently in a high state of suppressed excitement. With the new arrival came a chill that made all the other passengers shiver. Mr. Hook drew his wraps about him, the Italian's last arrival. At the first glance you might have taken him for some desperado escaping from justice. In a few moments his expression of countenance had changed completely. The dark, handsome face had become composed and indifferent, and all of my lost Anita. But was it more than the man drew a cigarette from his case and began to smoke.

A headline in the last edition of the evening paper caught my eye. It read: "Suicide of a Countess in a London Hotel." The paragraph was short, but sensational, A certain foreign Countess, one Mme. De Bodija, who had excited some attention by the brilliance of her beauty, the richuess of her jewels, and the extravagance of her costume, had been found dead in her rooms, evidently having poisoned herself, white on her dressing-table was a letter from the | ence alone was wanting to complete Count De Bodija, her reputed husband, announcing that he had lost his last coin at | letters, which were charged with the warmthe gaming tables, a circumstance, he wrote, that necessitated the breaking of a connection which had already lasted too long. It was added that all the Countess's jewelcaskets appeared to have been emptied and everything of value made away with. While I was reading this paragraph Mr.

Hook was busily explaining its purport in his copious, if not exactly classic, French to his Italian friend, who listened abstractedly, as if his thoughts were elsewhere. The other man listened, too, with concealed interest, and when Mr. Hook wound up with the assertion, "Cet homme stait un cochon, n'est pas!" ne dashed suddenly into "Why sof" he asked. "How do you know how he was treated? Why should you say

evil of a man of whom you know nothing!" Mr. Hook eyed his interlocutor with a Reen, steady glance. "Perhaps I do know something of him," he replied. "Perhaps I met him at Liverpool. Perhaps I laid him eight to seven in hundreds against Cantharides."

A muttered execration escaped from the Terhaps you have got his money in that black bag of yours; the last hundred of all his thousands," he suggested, with a sneer.
"Look here, Monsieur Le Comte," said Mr. Hook, calmly, "I am not so foolish as ! to carry a lot of pewter about with me when traveling with I don't know who; but I have a certain feeling for a man who has broke himself piling on the pieces pluckily, whether it's on cards, or dice, or horses, and if a fiver is of any use to him-"

"If it is of any use to him!" cried the other, "Why, my good friend, it is of the greatest possible use. But see," he contimurd, a finsh as of shame passing over his cheeks as he stretched out his hand for the proffered notes, "I do not wish to receive alms. See, here is a trinket, the last of my valuables; you shall hold this as security

The Count-if count be were-produced a somewhat enrious crucifix of beaten gold, adorned with enamel and colored stones, which he handed to Mr. Hook, who examined it affably through his eye-glasses for a moment, and popped it into his black | now go and look after the other passengers. bag. The transaction passed so quickly that it escaped the notice of the Italian. who was staring intently through the window at the blank darkness outside. And when he turned his eyes upon the occu- | the former. "Is there no way of getting | turn." pants of the carriage, the Count and Mr. | supper in this benighted place!"

But somehow the journey down was not a cheerful one, and it was something of a relief when the train reached Dover. When the train, with much creaking and groaning, had come to a definite stop, the carriage doors were opened by a bluff, good-humored person, to whom Mr. Hook at once handed his bag, and whom he addressed as "William." William from the first took charge of everybody, and mustered his little party with much decision. "Now, gents, there's no hurry; the boat can't start for another three hours. I'll see to all the luggage. Follow me, please." And, waving his lantern on high, the man led the way through dimly-lighted booking-offices and empty corridors till we reached a comfortable waiting-room, where a capital fire was blazing in the grate. The fire was a cheerful circumstance, and William, giving it a vigorous stir, which roused the blaze to a still further height. turned to his guests and hospitably and patriotically congratulated them on their good luck in having to wait so long on this side of the channel rather than on the

"I don't say the Frenchies wouldn't have given you the shelter of a roof, or a fire to sit by, for perhaps they would, but a miserable affair it would be."

William it may be remarked "en parenthese," only erred in overestimating the hospitality of the French railway authorities. Still, as Englishmen, we might have been expected to grumble a little at our lot. But, strange to say, the only note of complaint came from the Count, who certainly was not English, and who gave every one a distinct shiver as he made his way to the fire.

"It's a burning shame," he said, "to wait three hours in this wretened station. "Wretched, do you call it, sirf" said William, rather nettled. "An, you should thank your stars you haven't got to wait three hours on the other side. But I say," cried the man, suddenly breaking off his discourse, and looking blankly round upon as little flock, "there's one of you missing. There were seven of you just gow-I counted you over, and now there's only six.

Where's the young lady?" Clearly, there were only six of us, and so your gor old lady among the number. Had there been a female passengerf William was certain upon the point. My own impression agreed with his. The rest were doubtful upon the point. And as for the

Italian, he only shook his head when ques-"Not much English," he replied, humbly, as if in contrition for his ignorance. But his dark eyes wandered about from one to the other in a questioning, wondering way, as if he felt that something was being disenssed that might concern him nearly, he

being helpless, and, as it were, speechless But Mr. Hook good naturedly came forward and explained the matter to Signor Tomaso in his fluent, colloquial French. "Come, now, you have your chance," he eried. "You are looking for a missing young woman, and here is one ready to your

Once possessed of the idea that there was a question of a female passenger who had high stakes, and that showed that the Church of the Madeleine the obseques of | walks are a little better, but two and a-

he had hoped to find a young lady among the passengers. Was it any one who resembled a photograph he now produced? It was a common photograph enough, pro-duced in some Italian town, but showing a very beautiful race, of a Southern type, with a charming contour of head and neck. Curiously enough, the neck was adorned with a massive chain, from which descended a crucifix, of much the same kind as that which Mr. Hook now carried in his bag as a pledge from the Count. But as far as William was concerned, there was nothing to be said about the photograph. He had not seen the young lady's face, for she was wrapped in a long, loose cloak, or something of that kind, and held the sleeve of it across her hee as if she were protect-

ing it from the night air. Altogether, William remarked that this was a queer start, and he did not half like it. And taking up his lamp, he said that he would take a look round. He went out; but returned in a few moments, looking a little scared. He beckoned me to follow him, and I went out quickly, not exciting any observation among the other passengers, except the Italian, who kept a ceaseless watch on all our movements, and who crept

out after me. "Well, I saw her, sir," whispered Williams, flashing his lamp up and down the dark corridor. "There she stood, just outside the door, as if she was doubtful about coming in, but when I turned to speak to her she was gone. This is a queer start, and no mistake. Would you mind coming with me while I take a look around?" We tramped up and down the passages, looked into empty rooms, all dark and de-

serted. There was no sign of a living creature anywhere. But we were startled all of a sudden by a loud cry from the Italian: "Yes, yes! She, she!" he shouted. "Anita, Anita!"
And away he darted, as if in pursuit of some flying figure, away down the long, dark corridor.

"Stop bim!" cried William: "he will tumble into the harbor!" for the door at the end opened directly on the jetty. Fortunately, the door was locked, and the Italian shook it violently to no purpose. "She went through there!" cried William,

interpreting aright the man's gestures. "Taint possible. I boited the doors myself, and locked 'em-I remember now-and here's the key in my pocket." And, as William flashed his lamp upon the heavy fastenings of the door, it was plain enough that no one had passed out

that way. "Now ask him," said William, panting and bewildered, "who this young lady is, teeth chattered, and yet the glasses were | and why she should hide herself from the was not very low. Another strange thing William unlocked the door of a room half ily. was a sudden change in the appearance of | filled with boxes and packing-cases, put-

an empty case as a seat. "Sit down, gentlemen; and now 'parley vous.'" "Alas!" said the Italian, thus conjured to speak; "what I beheld was indeed the form

at me in that insolent manner," said the trace of excitement had disappeared. The | form, the apparition, come to warn me that Count aloud, and evidently referring to the she is no longer on the earth? Yes, she was Italian, who was certainly glaring at him in a very aggressive way. my betrothed, my promised wife, one of my "Now, gents!" cried William, appearing own country, that beloved Fiume, where once more with his lamp, and speaking in our early years were spent. Three years ago I set forth for America, to establish aggrieved and peremptory tones, "Don't myself at Buenos Ayres, where I had you hear the boat a-whistling for you?" been invited by some compatriots. There was nothing for it but to hasten on board, making our way among the black Fortune smiled upon me. I was soon at beams of the jetty, where William stood the head of excellent business as restaurawith his lamp, throwing a light upon the teur. Before long I had paid the expenses of my installation, and had begun to put brow," which was like the side of a house for steepness. money away for my Anita, for her pres-"You havn't put the young lady on board. my good fortune. We constantly exchanged William," said one, jokingly. "I'm thankful to see you all safe on board, sir," replied William, solemnly. est affection; her most ardent wish was to be with me once more. Well, at the end of two years I was able to send a handsome sum to defray the cost of her passage. knowing the perils that beset a young and handsome but inexperienced woman, I had Paris she would be received by one of my

single word, not a sign of her existence.

had been taken-and no Anita. Imagine

my frantic letters and the brief, ornel

replies. Human nature could stand the

suspense no longer. I disposed of my busi-

come to distress and shame, she will surely

incline to think that she is dead, murdered,

perhaps, for the sake of the ornaments of

gold and jewels which she always wore,

disappeared, and I believe that her appari-

tion passed before me to-night for some

good purpose, and that the moment when I

shall ascertain, and perhaps avenge, her

to William he exclaimed that it was a

same time, if the young woman had no real

existence, he was not responsible for seeing

By this time, however, two of the passen-

"We are famished, William," exclaimed

"And precious difficult to get out again,

The town was fast asleep, and not even a

sal bottle of pickles, and a genial host and

the passage, as if to keep his eye upon us.

no refreshments? Look out for your black

"Never mind my bag," said Mr. Hook

good humoredly, "the most precious thing

it contains at this moment is what you see.

And unlocking his inseparable bag he pro-

But here our host interposed. He could

not sit up any longer, and card-playing

"Ah, it is your free England!" cried the

But there was nothing for it except to

turn out, and we followed William once

more in single file along the harbor-side, as

pitchy dark as ever. Just half-way across

we heard a cry from the Count, and he dashed suddenly forward, clutching at

something invisible to the rest. William

"Why, guv'nor, you'd have been in the

water if I hadn't caught hold of you. What

could you have seen to make you jump like

"What did I see?" repeated the Count,

who was white in the face, and all of a

tremble. "Why, what was it but a black

dog; and he showed his teeth, and I was

When we got back to the lights and the

warmth of the big fire in the waiting-room,

there was still an hour and a half to put

away before the boat started. Before long the Count and Mr. Hook had established

themselves in a corner of the room, with

the top of a portmanteau covered with a

I think, poker. Anyhow, they soon got to

going to kick him into the water."

caught him by the arm and swung him

was a thing held in horror by the licensing

duced an unbroken pack of cards.
The Count's eyes sparkled at the sight.

"Come, what is it to be?" he cried.

Said the Count:

bag, my friend.

authorities.

Count with a sneer.

hostess to do the honors of the improvised

should say, added Mr. Hook, blandly.

When the affair was enccinctly explained

fate, is not far distant."

look after William.

return by the way she came. But now

Imagine my grief and alarm when I

never new such a start, never!" It was pitchy dark, but the water was perfectly smooth, and as we passed out to sea the colored lights on the pier head were reflected in all kinds of curious twists and twirls as our churned up the dark waters. Presgood friends, a cafetier. At Boulogne, anently the broad electric beam of the South Foreland lights threw a dazzling other of my compatriots is a wellpath over the sea, while lines of twinkling known patissier; with him she would lamps were still visible on the coast we find hospitality and safe conduct through the bewilderment of embarkawere leaving. But where were the answertion. At London another of my friends, a ing lights from the other side, whose cheerdealer in plaster statuary, would receive ful greeting is such a comfort to timid her, and finally, at Southampton, she would vovagersi "Perhaps it may happen to be thick in be put on board the mail steamer by anmidchannel," replied a sailor man, engaged other of my friends, who is concerned with ices and confectionery. All this programme

the game with keen interest, his face

brightening when the luck was on the side

of Mr. Hook. For that gentleman had been very kind to him, he explained. He had

helped him when everybody else laughed

good man, that; but as for the other, the

Italian felt an instinctive horror of him,

for what reason be knew not. The repug-

nance seemed to be mutual, and the Count

winced and frowned every time the Italian approached the card-table. At last he roughly bade him take himself off, for that

he hated to be watched. But while the other meditated some rejoinder, William appeared at the door with the welcome

"Now, gentlemen, all on board, if you

"Then we'll settle now," said Mr. rlook

please. The boat will start in five minutes."

cheerfully to the Count; "what do you make it—a hundred and fifty? That's right. Why, dash it, my friend," as he handed over to

the Count a little roll of bank notes, "s

performer like you ought to have made a

"Ab!" said the Count, a little elated by

his opportune success: "perhaps I shall now begin. But stay, you forget the little loan;

allow me to repay it, with thanks." And he handed a note to the other, who took it

without remark. But he silently opened

his black bag, and, taking out the gold and

enameled cross that the Count had de-

posited in his hands, proffered it to his com-panion. "But keep it," oried the Count

"Many thanks, I had rather not." replied

"It might be so," said the Count, uneasily;

"There are different kinds of ill-luck,"

"I never thought of that. Well, I will sell

it when I get to Paris, and I will not play

"Well, I'm not afraid," said the Count,

wrapping up the cross in the bank notes be

had just won at play, and placing the little

ward, "of your goodness permit me to ex-

amine that trinket; it resembles closely a

promised wife. Ah, if it should be the same,

and prove the means of clearing up her un-

"Impertinent fellow," cried the Count;

"All the same, I should show it to him."

"Well, I decline," said the Count, haught-

"To be sure, you know your own business

continued Mr. Hook: and then, sink

said Mr. Hook, calmly. "You did not seem

ing his voice to a whisper, "Take my ad-

vice, and chuck the thing overboard as soon

"I will chuck him overboard if he looks

to set much store by it, anyhow."

as we are clear of the barbor.

"what is your Anits and her fate to me

that I should satisfy your vulgar curi-

"Signor," cried the Italian, coming for-

Mr. Hook, coldly. "I have a notion that it

oftily, "as a memorial of our meeting."

fortune instead of losing one."

notification:

brings ill-luck."

happy fate!"

till I have got rid of it.

packet in an inner pocket.

at and derided his search. Yes, he was a

in coiling something on the poop, who had been appealed to on the question. And was effectually performed till my Anita reached Boulogne. There she was put on board the English boat by my friend. From thick it proved to be. All of a sudden the boat had plunged into that moment she is lost altogether. Not one a dense and olinging fog. Here was darkness with a vengeance-a darkness which could be felt. From the deck not a boarded the steamer on which her passage glimmer could be seen of any of the ship's lights; nothing was to be seen, indeed, but a blank, chaotic gloom. Even sounds were muffled and indistinct; the shrick of our steam whistle, the clang of the ship's bell, ness and returned to Europe to search for her myself. I have traveled to and fro on which somebody was sounding a dismal symphony, came as if from afar off; while many times on the route she took. I have similar sounds to the right and left of us said to myself, if she has been enticed away; if, which heaven forbid, she has gave evidence of the dangerous proxpredicament. The fog had also taken possession of the cabin; but here, from the heat of the stove and of the lamps, it was possible to see from one side to the other; and here, in a corner to themfor exactly a year has gone by since she selves, Mr. Hook and the Count were passing away the time in tossing for sovereigns. quite unconcerned with the weather prospects ontside. At this game the Count had been a serious and persistent loser. It seemed as if there was some spell upon him. Whether he "called" or "spun," the queerer start than he had expected. At the paused as if hesitating whether to go on. her safely on board the steamer, and be must

result was always against him. Twenty times in succession be had lost, and then he "Tell you what it is," said Mr. Hook, magnanimously, "I don't like having man so cheap as all this. What did I tell youf It's that blessed crucifix that is gers, Mr. Hook and the Count, had come to doing your business. You go and chuck it overboard, as I advised you before, and then come back and see if you don't get a

"That is what it shall be," said the William paused to consider. The hotel Count, rising and making his way to the was closed for the night, and everything in Stairs. the way of a refreshment-bar shut up. Still. "Yes, that is the man," said Mr. Hook, in he knew of a hotel in the town where there answer to an inquiring glance, as soon as was sometimes somebody sitting up for the Count had disappeared. "I knew him from the first—the Comte de Bodija. The customers who might come in by the late train. And having ascertained that his 'Countess' is the poor creature who has other passengers-only two, by the waygiven the evening papers a turn. But the were comfortably asleep and not likely to curious thing is that I believe this was the wander far from the fireside, William unvery girl our friend Tomaso is looking for. locked the door at the end of the corridor A little bird told me her history, and how and led us upon the chilly, dripping quay, the Count met her on board a steamer and The man turned his lampin all directions. cajoled her into following him; and a as if to assure himself that no secretive beautiful creature she was. And putting passenger was lurking in the neighborhood. this and that together, I think we have got "Follow me, gents, close, for its easy a pretty good line to the whole business." enough to get into the water on a night

"And don't you think Tomaso has got a like this," said William, waving his lamp line, toof" "Well, that blessed cross has given him kind of suspicion; for it was hers, no doubt. But it's only a suspicion. And if, as I hope, the cross is at the bottom of policeman or a cat was in sight to give a | the sea by this time, it will never be anylittle life to the scene. But William knew | thing more. Poor Tomaso is quite done his ground; and the memories of the night | up, and I got the steward to put him into a bunk, quite out of the way. Hulloa! what's

are agreeably diversified by the recoilec-tion of a handsome round of beef, a colosthat?" For the talk was interrupted by quick cries from the deck, and the trampling of banquet. But nothing would induce the feet overhead, and every body made for the companion ladder. On deck something Italian to share in our meal. He had no hunger, he said, and remained planted in like a great black shadow loomed over us, and we heard the shrill cries of foreign seames. Next moment the shadow had "I mistrust that fellow. Why should he nussed. That shadow had been a fullfollow us into the town when he wanted rigged ship, with every sail set to catch the slightest breeze, but drifting with the tide up channel, and without lights, as far as any one could see. She missed us by a hair's breadth and went on her way rejoic-

And we had cause to rejoice soon after, for we passed out of the fog bank as suddenly as we had entered it. Soon we were close in shore and should be landing in another ten minutes.

And with that prospect the frail bond of nterest that connects fellow-veyagers, for however short a passage, was suddenly broken. Everybody was after his own bag and portmanteau. And yet I could see nothing of the Count in all this bustle, while the Italian was crouched upon one of the wet benches on deck, pale and livid, as if the voyage, notwithstanding the calmness of had been too much for him. And, running against Mr. Hook, I heard him mut-

ing? He owes me twenty-five pounds." But from that moment there was nothing to think of but hurry-scurry to catch the train for Paris, for which, thanks to the fog, we were already late.

"Confound that Count! Where is he hid-

A few days after-the weather bright and spring-like, and the trees on the boulevards showing tufts of green-I happened to be near the Madeleine one morning and saw what was indeed a "inneral pomp." The front of the church was hung with black, with silver tears sprinkled thickly everywhere, and a cortege of carriages stretched all around the "place" below. Taking a chair outside a neighboring cafe an attentive waiter brought me coffee and Figuro. while he obligingly pointed out a pararailway rug for a card-table, and were com- graph which bore upon the scene before pletely engrossed in their game, which was, | us

"This morning are celebrated, at the disappeared, the Italian became much in- Count was winning, for we knew pretty the Count de Bedijs, once a well-known fig- half feet is considered a very wide side-terested and agitated. He had expected, well what he had to start with. ure in the world of sport' and 'high life.' walk.

The Italian watched the progress of | With every advantage of fortune and person, the Count was an infatuated player, whose ill luck and constant and unaccountable series of losses had become almost a proverb among his associates. The Count, it is said, was assisted in his reckless career by a lady of rare personal beauty, who had for some time shared his fortunes. The crash came at last: Madame committed suicide at her London botel, while "he body of Monsieur was picked up, with ta sou in the pockets of his garments, on the beach near Cape Grisnez. He is supposed to have tallen, or, perhaps, jumped overboard, and probably at night, from one of the numerous packet boats crowded with passengers that are continually crossing between the channel ports. The supreme touch of ill fortune is snown in the fact that if M. Bodija had succeeded in reaching Paris he would have been met with the news of a magificent inheritance bequeathed to him by an uncle—one of those Brazilian magnificoes. whose fortunes are to be reckoned in milliards. The inheritance has, at all events, secured for the unfortunate Count a most magnificent inhumation.'

Now, what are we to make of the curious apparition of that young woman among the passengers on that particular night? My own evidence would not go for much, for I had only a vague impression of having seen such a figure. And William, the railway man, might easily have been deceived by some accidental arrangement of light and shadow. The Italian had his mind highly excited on the subject, and it is easy to imagine that an image so strongly impressed on his brain may have assumed the semblance of reality. The same may be said of the Count, for it may be taken for granted that he saw something else than a black dog to terrify him so unaccountably. Yet, taken altogether, the incidents can only be characterized in William's concise phrase as a "queer start." A few days later I ran against Mr. Hook on his way to Chantilly, where some steeplechases were to be run. The talk naturally enough fell upon the fate of the Count De Bodija. And Mr. Hook volunteered the fol-

lowing statement, which showed, he said, that the Count had some good feeling about him: On the day following his arrival at Boulogne, Mr. Hook had received a registered letter containing the very notes that he had paid to the Count, with a letter in a feigned hand, requesting him to pay him-self what might be owing to him, and to expend the balance in providing due funeral rites for the lady known as the Countess De Bodija, and for a certain number of masses for the repose of her soul, and that of her reputed husband. Now, the commis-sion had occasioned Mr. Hook some embarrassment, but he contrived to get it duly executed, and the body of the unfortunate woman had been interred with proper sol-

Now this circumstance was not to be reconciled with any existing theories as to the Count's disappearance from the living world. Mr. Hook accounted for the matter by the supposition that the Count had not met any accident on board the boat, but had landed and made all the arrangements just detailed, and then, after waiting probably for the cover of darkness, had thrown himself into the sea. But another explanation recommended itself more strongly to my judgment. Somebody must have come down upon the Count at the moment he was about to commit his unlucky talisman to the deep, and snatching from him the crucifix and the notes that were wrapped about it, had, in plain language, "chucked" the Count into the sea. Not being a thief, this somebody had taken the first opportunity of getting rid of the bank notes, the possession of which would have been a very compromising piece of evidence had an inquiry been set afoot, and at the same time of effecting a laudable purpose, I should have liked to have asked the Italian his views upon the matter, but nothing more has been heard of him, and wherever his lot in life may be cast, he is no longer to be found, either by night or by day, making the Channel passage, and trying in vain to solve the mystery of the missing

passenger. -All the Year Round. FREAKS OF FASHION.

A late freak is the black handkerchief exquisitely embroidered in delicate tints. The heaviest of all wool gowns affect the airiest of chiffon and mouseline de soie ja-Velvet is everywhere, and bids fair to be

more and more popular as the season advances. Sashes of all kinds are to be used again on plain skirts, twisted around the waist,

crossed, tied carelessly behind without loops or bows, etc. Over more than one wave-tressed coiffure is now drawn the jeweled net. Certainly nothing could be daintier, the silken

meshes revealing to perfection every minutize of the head toilet. Why plain women insist upon adopting the severe linen collars and cuffs is a question extremely pazzling to the fair ones,

who regard the throat environments the most important in the feminine toilet, The very latest thing in the way of a skirt is arranged with a seam upon the front breath. This is a freak which cannot be recommended either for beauty or style, and yet as a novelty it is promised a

Skirt fronts and parts of bodices show a great use of applique embroidery used in a way which becomes, in a manner, a part of the shape, as it were, as it gives a certain distinctive character to the contour of a Jeweled veils are just at present in high

favor. A fine black net, thickly powdered with amethysts, turquoise and pearls is the prettiest, although it requires to be carefully adjusted in order to produce the de-

hain may be found many of silver gilt, divided here and there with colored stones and pearls. These pretty fancies are used for holding eye-glasses, fans and other feminine knick-knacks.

An important addition to fall attire will be the voke which will appear upon about everything pertaining to feminine attire. Wrappers, dresses, cloaks, and wraps are to be decorated with the oddest shapes, and all heavily embroidered. Boas are much worn in the evening at

seaside and mountain resorts. Coq plumes, which were introduced here last fall, in dark colors, are also worn during the day. Peacock feathers form very bright attractive boas, and are new, as well. All sorts of bats are woru this summer on

the beach and in the mountains, but the low, flat sailor-hat still holds its own, and it is worn with costumes and toilets of every sort. What milliners familiarly term a "carriage-hat" is generally determined by its size.

Among the French combinations in summer dress. India camel's hair is made up with chiffon and Henrietta cloth with lace and India silk. Another caprice combines surah silk with chambery and velvet. The French round waist is used upon almost all these dresses, showing no darts or side bodies, and gathered into a sharp point front and back, with plain or kilted paniers adjusted at the sides, with bretelles or fichu-shaped pieces over the shoulders.

Ladies of middle age wear black lace boas, or lace collars. A pretty lace trifle, which is worn in the place of a lace boa, is a collarette of black lace, composed of a rufile of lace eight inches deep, shirred to an inch-deep neckband, on which is set a double ruche of narrower lace, sewed together at the straight edges, and pleated in triple box pleats. It requires two yaids of deep lace and four yards and a half of lace two inches and a half wide to make it. The fall will continue to show an im-

mense use of lace, the vogue of this trimming bringing in several of the richer and heavier kinds, and it is rumored that certain very novel effects will be seen in the use, on some woolen fabrics, of an extremely novel and handsome woolen lace of which the designs are surprisingly graceful and attractive to the eye. Chantilly is in immense favor, as are all the most elegant and costly laces, but the great use of lace brings in all lace, as those who cannot buy the real do not exclude this fashionable garniture from their toilets, but, both as to black and white, display it beyoud all precedent.

Sidewalks in Havana. Bochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The sidewalks in Havana are usually shout one foot wide. You balance yourself on the curbstone and walk along as though walking on a pole fence. About every second person you meet is a colored woman with a big laundry basket on her head. At first it is a little awkward, but you get so that you can pass the laundry woman without knocking the basket off her head; and if you stay long enough you could get a job in most any circus as ropewalker. On the principal streets the sideREADING FOR SUNDAY.

I well remember, in my youthful past, When solemn night usurped the crystal dome No sense of fear or care my heart o'ereast So darkness overtook me when at home. And if the menace in a winter's storm

Or summer's thunders told of fierce alarm Amongst the elements of fire and flood, I conquered fear, till peace resumed her wand, By clasping close in mine my father's hand. Thou simple faith of childhood, pure and strong!

Curdled my courage to affrighted mood,

Thou sweet abandonment of perfect love! Visit again this tired heart, troubled long By doubt and distance from the Hand above. When desolation from departed jey Locks the drear future in its white embrace,

When sin and sorrow all there acts employ To make my soul despair's dark dwelling place, Give to my clasp amidst the breakers' foam. My Father's hand, and I shall seem at home. -Irene Boynton Hawley.

International Sunday-School Lesson for Aug. 30, 1891. CHRIST AT THE FEAST. (John vii, 81-44.) Golden Text-If any man thirst, let him come anto me and drink. (John vil. 37.) HOME READINGS.

M.—Christ at the feast......John vii, 31-44.
Tu.—The Jews perplexed.....John vii, 10-17.
W.—Enemies confounded.....John vii, 45-53. WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The Independent. Notice the difference between the conduct of the leaders and the multitude. Of the rulers, priests, scribes, Pharisees, rich men, few believed, while his converte were mostly from the middle and poorer classes. Most of us belong to the multitude. Let us be as open-minded as was the multitude in Christ's time.

The response of the Pharisees to Jesus's miracles and to the faith of the multitude was violence. They desired to arrest and kill him. Persecution is apt to be the reply to new truth by those in power. But persecution does not reply to argument; it only suppresses it. Persecution is the weapon of prejudice and conceit.

While Jesus was with the Jews most of them did not appreciate what He was, but since He has gone the world worships Him. Nobody suspected what a great man Shakspeare was while he lived, and now nobody can tell anything about his life. Lincoln was travestied and ridiculed, and abused while he lived, but now we put him by the side of Washington. Who does not know some excellent, self-sacrificing mother, or other friend, who is appreciated only when deadf Learn to love and appreciate your friends while living, and don't wait for them to be praised by everybody at the funeral.

The Jews who had come back to Palestine talked contemptuously of the dispersion, who preferred to live among the Greeks and talk Greek, and were hardly pure Jews; and much more did they despise the gen-tiles. But it was just these, who had knocked about in the world, that Christianity found open-minded.

The streams of living water were not to flow into the believer simply, but were to flow out also. The outflowing would be not clear that this was the precise thought | a world I said. of the utterance, for Jesus spoke to the Samaritan woman and others of the abunant supply of instructive and spiritual grace they should receive for themselves; and so here one who has the "rivers" or the 'well of water." is sure to be first himself supplied. But it is a fair lesson that others were to be blest also. When the disciples received the outpouring of the Spirit at pentecost, to which Christ referred by anticipation, they used it for others. They gave themselves to preaching the truth. One who does not impart probably has received nothing.

We cannot too highly value the influences of the Holy Spirit. We do a great wrong to ourselves if by our sins we grieve those influences away. Do you thirst? Have you a real desire

for spiritual truth and life! Do you want to live a better life! Do you desire to live so as to please God! Are you dissatisfied with a life that considers only the years here, and do you want to plan somewhat for the years beyond? Then go to Jesus and drink. He will satisfy your thirst. Go and tell him your want and sin and ask his help. Resolve that from this time you will take His rule to love God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself. Con-secrate yourself to God and trust God in Jesus Christ for forgiveness and salvation. The invitation is wide: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Of General Interest, The Presbyterian Church in Canada returns for 1890 160,182 communicants, or 2,112 more than in 1889, and a total income of \$2,002,810, or \$52,141 less than in 1889. The Young Men's Christian Association

of Sydney, New South Wales, recently held its twentieth anniversary. The past year has been one of growth. New buildings have been completed, and the membership has increased to more than nine bundred. At the last meeting of the board of managers of the American Bible Society grants of Bibles and Testaments to the value of about \$1,555 were made for distribution and

sale in the United States, in South America and in Africa. The issues from the Bible-In the revival of the long, old fashioned | house in the month of July were 78,372 copies; issues since April 1, 520,110 copies The recent action of the Governors of Kieff, Polia and Volhynia, in Russia, requiring all foreigners to become naturalized citizens, which involves becoming members of the orthodox Greek Church. or leave Russia, if carried into effect will practically extinguish the Baptist churches in Russia, as nearly all of the twelve thou-

sand Baptists in that empire are Germans

and resident in these provinces. Evangelist L. W. Munhall closed hi fourth annual Interdenominational Bible Conference at Ocean Grove Aug. 12. It is said that the audiences ranged from one thousand to six thousand, including about five hundred ministers, professors and teachers, representing the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Episcopal denominations. The exercises were carried on on much the same general plan as those at Northfield, including inductive and expository study of the books of the Bible and the fundamental doctrines. The union of Welsh Independents reham. Wales, a town to which many ministers from the United States are making visits that they may stand for awhile by the grave of Elihu Yale, the founder of the the session it was stated that, including Monmouthshire and thirty-four Welsh

churches in England, there are 1,163 churches and mission stations, with 130,112 members and 156,049 adherents, a total of eight years. The value of trust property is £1,210,962. In the Sunday-schools are 131,-418 scholars. The Irish Presbyterian Church has resolved on a new experiment in foreign misthey have sent to India have been thoroughly trained men, and have each been of late years paid an annual salary of \$1.750. It has been resolved to commence work agents, under the name of the "Jungie mission." The salaries of these agents will amount to only about a third of that paid to the other missionaries sent out by

Thoughts for the Day. Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wire .- Theodore Winthrop. Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners.—Bishop Middleton. There are more men who have missed opportunities than there are who have lacked

the church. For the present, at least, the

means to sustain this new mission will not

church, but from private subscriptions,

which have been generously offered for the

opportunities.-LaBeaumelle. If some people would be a little more careful where they step, those who tollow them wouldn't stumble so much.-Ram's

No man is born into the world whose work Is not born with him; there is always work And tools to work withal for those who will; And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

What is the world! A term which men have got, To signify not one in ten knows what;

In common use no more it means, we find, Than many fools in same opinion join'd.

The world is a great dance, in which we find 30% The good and bad have various turns assign'd; But when they've ended the great masquerade, One goes to glory, th' other to a shade. -John Crowne.

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. Association of Ideas.

Teacher-What was the title of the chief magistrate of Venice! Tommy Tuff-The Dago.

Kittie-I wonder why Clara nurries to her room whenever she gets a letter! Mand-She wishes to give the impression that it's from a man.

At the Seaside Hotel.

Liked Tunnels. The Epoch. Old Hardfeature (on the marriage tour)-Do you like the tunnels, darling? The Darling-Yes; if you must kiss me, I

don't want to see you. A Rank Abuse. Baltimore American. "Can't you tell me all the particulars of

that veterans' meeting?" "Particulars? Bless your innocent heart, there ain't any; they're all generals."

Great Excitement. New York Weekly. Chicago Resident-Cracky! What's happened? Everybody is rushing 'round the corner toward Lakeview avenue. Must be something big to see.

New Yorker (in Chicago)-Well! well! I didn't know Channey Depew was in town. Won't Come Now. "What a tender fancy it was that inspired Burns's song, 'Whistle, and I'll come to you

"Beautiful! But the young men of that

age were evidently not in the habit of

whistling 'Little Annie Rooney,' 'McGinty'

and 'Comrades.'

New York's Multitudinous Press. New York Weekly. New York Newsboy-Paper, sir! New Yorker-What papers have you? Newsboy-See here, mister, I've gotter work fer my livin'. I know th' names of all th' papers I carry, but I ain't got no time to stand here an' recite 'em. Come around

some Sunday afternoon.

Evening Things Up. Timmy-Your papa goes out every night and comes home drunk. Jimmy-So does yours.

Timmy-Who told you? Jimmy-My papa. Who told you about Timmy-My papa. Come on and let's play marbles.

Soothing to the Guest Prominent Citizen (rushing into Oklahoma hotel) - Tanner, your little son Theobald, who is over at his aunt's, got his uncle's gun down just now an' shot preacher Harps

Landlord Tanner (proudly, to recently arrived tenderfoot)-Only think, stranger, the little feller is not quite five years old. In Sunday-School,

Teacher-When Gabriel sounds his trumpet at the last day --- Tommy Smith, you more important than the inflowing. It is | are not paying attention. You didn't hear Tommy-Yes, I did, sir. Teacher-You did, eh! Well, when will

> Gabriel sound his trumpet? Tommy-When he blows into it, I reckon.

Texas Siftings.

A Safe Place. Texas Siftings. Little Louise (at Long Branch)-Mabel, why don't your mamma wear diamond earrings like my mamma's? Mabel-She left 'em home, and papa's hid

'em where the robbers can't get 'em. "Where has he hid 'em?" "Why, I heard him tell mamma that he had put them up in the spout, and he

guessed they would stay there." He Didn't See It.

Detroit Free Press. "Wise men hesitate; only fools are certain," remarked a Montcaim-street man to his wife, a few evenings ago, when she was arguing a point with him. I don't know about that," she said, test-

"Well, I'm certain of it," he replied, so emphatically that she laughed in his face. and he has been wondering ever since what she thought was so funny about it.

The Last Stage. New York Weekly. Mrs. De Fashion-My dear, late hours, late suppers and general social dissipation have ruined your constitution Miss De Fashion (belle of six seasons)-

know it, ma. "And your health is miserable." "Yes, ma." "And you are losing your beauty."

'It's all gone, ma. "It really is. And so is your plumpness." "I'm nothing but skin and bones." "There's no denying it, my dear. You are a mere wreck of your former self.'

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Get married."

Exposed Too Often. She said: "I wonder how I look! A glass makes all maids fair." I said: "Last night my quick heart took Your likeness. Trace it there." She Smiled-"It blurs and seems to fade, Because, I grieve to state, Too many pictures have been made, Bafore, upon that plate.'

HOW CROWS CATCH CRABS. Watching Patiently for These Delicate Shell-

-Harry Romaine, in Puck.

Fishermen in Havre de Grace, at the mouth of the Susquehanna river, tell amusing stories of the way crows catch crabs and prepare them for eating. When the crows first come in the spring they visit the streams connecting bay and ponds every morning looking for crabs. They commonly arrive before crabs begin running, but the crows exhibit great patience, sometimes waiting ten or lifteen days. The crows scan the stream from small tree tops or mounds of sand. Others stand on the banks of the rivulet with heads cocked sidewise and an eye staring at the water. When the crabs begin running the crows dive into the water from any coign of vantage near by, clutch a crab, soar into the air and drop their prey with great precision on the stone-covered beach which university which bears his name. During | fringes the bay. By this means the crabs are reduced to a pulp and the crows, with much wing-flapping and discordant cawing, voracionaly bolt the meat.

Capt. Tom Carroll, of Chincoteague, says he once saw five crows teasing a crab. One 286,161, an increase of nearly 10,000 during of the birds caught and carried it to a big dry sandbar. There it was put down. The crow's cawing brought five of his tribe. They pulled it about, turned it upon its back and fumed over it. These gymnastics were accompanied by sion work. Hitherto all the missionaries | hoarse chattering and a gurgling sound which Carroll avers was laughter. To vary the sport they would make believe to fly way, but dropped softly to the sand forty or fifty feet off. From that point the dusky among the Bhils, to be carried on by lay | quintet of practical jokers kept their eyes intently fixed on the crab rolling along in the direction of the water, a hundred yards away. The crows, without a sound, craned their necks, watching their hard-shell victim flopping laboriously through the soft, dry sand. Suddenly they broke into a wild be drawn from the regular funds of the chorus of caws and made after the crab. One picked it up and soared away to the beach, followed by his fellows. There he was dropped to death, and the crows flew away to their roost.

A Fatal Prescription Immortalized. New York Recorder.

From St. Petersburg comes a very amusing lawsnit which is attracting much attention in what Thackeray was wont to

describe as "the upper circles." The defendant is a prince, whose wife died the other day from the effects of a too powerful medicine, which the family doctor, one of the best-known physicians in the city, had prescribed for her. The widower, instead of causing texts of the holy Scripture to be sculptured on the tomb, has caused a facsimile of the fatal prescription, with the doctor's signature, to be engraved on the marble tomb just below the line giving the date of the death of the princess. The doctor is now appealing to the courts of law to bave the objectionable inscription removed. on the ground that his practice is injurious-ly affected thereby. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A woman in Atlanta is the mother of twenty-one children, all living and namarried. The youngest two are twins and have just been born.

Chicago has nearly twice as many miles of streets as any other city in the work and almost four times as many as New

York. The total mileage is 2,048. A woman who solicited alms at an elevated-railroad station in New York, Thursday night, received \$37.19 in three hours. The fact was brought out in a police court. A Portsmouth, N. H., woman recently found a one-cent piece in an egg which one of her hens had laid, and later on the same hen laid an egg with a ten-cent piece

A colored man is in jail at Oskaloosa, In. charged with stealing a church at Evans. He was one of the trustees and negotiated a loan by forging the names of the other

On the summit of Ben Lomond may be seen the smallest tree that grows in Great Britain. It is known as the dwarf willow, and is, when mature, only about two inches in height.

Lizzie Arnold, of Fenton, Mich., weighs only eighteen pounds and is twenty-seven years of age. She has received overtures from circus managers, but Ler parents prefer to keep her home.

George A. Avery, of Dover, N. H., has a current bush in his garden which, it is said, stands twenty feet high and is loaded with large red currents. They are picked

with the aid of a ladder. A philological statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the

other Enropean languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people. Robert T. Barker, of New Bedford, Mass., read the Bible through for the first time in 1880. Since that date he has read it ninety. mine times. It usually takes him two There is a curiosity near Cordele, Ga., in the shape of a pine tree. It begins from the ground as two separate and well-develo

There is an immense garden in China that embraces an area of 50,000 square miles. It is all meadow land and is filled with lakes. ponds and canals. Altogether it is as large as the States of New York and Pennsylva-

oped trees, and continues so for a distance

of fourteen feet, when they join and go up-

ward as one.

It is related as a curious fact that Paris, with a population of nearly 2,500,000 souls. has less than one hundred negroes within its limits. Statisticians say that the whole of France cannot muster a negro population exceeding 510.

According to Herr Japing, the hourly rate of water falling over Niagara Falls is 100,000,000 tons, representing 16,000,000 horsepower, and the total daily production of coal in the world would just about suffice to pump the water back again. Wild horses are sociable in character and

protect themselves against carnivorous beasts by herding together in large numbers. In the face of any great danger, such as storms and fires, they unite in still large er bodies, perhaps from a sentiment akin to the human one at similar crises. The growth of nails on the left hand requires from eight to ten days more than

in children than in adults, and goes on slower in winter than in summer. It requires an average of 132 days for the renewal of the nails in winter and but 116 during the summer months. The production of oleomargarine continues to increase in spite of repressive legislation. The average production per month during the last fiscal year was 8,631,201

those on the right; the growth is more rapid

pounds, as compared with 2,566,494 pounds in the previous year. Internal revenue receipts from this source increased from \$786,291 in 1890 to \$1,077,924 in the last fiscal A wonderful flower has been discovered on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Its chief peculiarity is the habit of changing its colors during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is

red, and at night it is blue. The red, white

and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of a guava tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume. a spider is the novel pet of a Laingsburg, Mich., girl. He is kept under a goblet and carefully fed, positively refusing to begin a meal until three or four flies have been thrust into his apartment. These he lets walk all around him and even over him, allowing them to think him perfectly harmless, until in some of their trips under his nose he apparently wakes up and grabs them. After one of these meals he loses

his appetite for about forty-eight hours. He seems quite content with ten flies a week. The annual coffee crop of the world is estimated at over eleven billion pounds, worth, at first hands, \$135,000,000. This enormous quantity is grown in islands between the parallels of 30° north and 30° south latitude, mainly in British India and the neighboring islands, in Liberia and other parts of Africa, in the West Indies, Mexico, Central America and Brazil. The domestic consumption of the United States amounts to 561,132,100 pounds, which is valued here at \$72,140,000, and of which 90 per

cent, comes from countries geographically

belonging to this continent. The story told years ago of the discovery of an ancient ship in the sands of the great American desert is now revived, with the addition that it is affoat on the waters of the new inland sea forming there from an irruption of the Colorado river. New York has also the tradition of a buried ship, though there is no probability of a resurrection in its case. The record of this wreck seems to have originated with Grant Thorburn, who, in his reminiscences of the city as it was at the close of the last century, says of a surviving centenatian: "So deep was Water street covered with water in his time, he told me he could point out the spot where a vessel was sunk and now lies buried deep under ground."

WONDERS OF PRESSURE,

How Mountains Are Supported by Small Sticks of Timber.

St. Paul Dispatch. The enormous depth of the great Comstock mines in Nevada, and the gigantle and incomprehensible weight of the mass of stones and earth resting upon the timbers (which actually hold up the mountains that have literally been honeycombed by the miners), have wrought wonders which puzzle the deepest thinkers. For instance, queer polished sticks, as smooth as dressed mahogany, and not thicker than your wrist, are often taken out of deserted portions of the mines. They are as hard and as heavy as iron, and a knife of the best material will not make a scratch on them. Do you have any idea what they are! Drill cores, you think but they are not. Originally they were solid oak timbers 12x12 inches square, But why are they no thicker than a walking-stick upon removal, after having seen years of service! The weight of the mountains bearing upon them from all directions, perpendicularly as well as laterally (for it is only in this way that mines of enormous depth can be safely timbered), has wrought the wonders seen in the polished stick. Sometimes these transformed timbers are found in small sections, sometimes in long pieces, and are taken out where cave-ins have occurred and displaced the workings. It is a well-known fact that paper can be compressed until it will be so hard that a diamond will hardly touch it, but no known mechanism of the present or the past has such power to compress and work marvels with wood.

They Want a Rest, Western Christian Advocate.

There is some reason to doubt the success permanently of the religious summer resort. Of course, camps, with good people and religious services, are very excellent improvements upon an older and more fashionable kind of resort. But weary men and wemen in the woods are there for rest, and the effort to burden them with a sense of duty to work a little harder in church services than they do at home will hardly succeed. The five or six daily services will be poorly attended; some good people will not go to these posts of toil; the reneral results will be unsatisfactory. What tired people want is a clean, cool, morally wholesome place, with appropriate religious services. They have work enough at home. This is just a bint for next year. Do not try to do too much in the camps of

Poor, Starving Kansas.

A country boy came into Abilene the other day and bought a \$135 safety bievels to make trips about his father's farm. Will the deadly depression under which the agricultural industry is laboring never let up?